

THE last act of Christ's life was the Cross. The agony of Calvary proclaimed Him finally the Saviour of the world.
—THE COMMANDANT.

SUFFERING IS THE GREAT CREDENTIAL OF SINCERITY.
—THE COMMANDANT.

WAR CRY



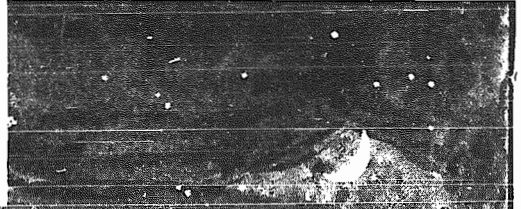
VOL. XI. No. 9. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, DEC. 1, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

"Greater Love Hath no Man than this, that a Man Lay Down His Life for His Friends."

A PATHETIC INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO RUSSIAN WAR.

A dying soldier—his bleeding chest riddled through with cruel shot—painfully drags himself across the deserted field of desolation to the spot where his wounded enemy lies swooning with cold and agony, envelopes him in his military cloak, and, by this supreme impulse of self denial, in the very hour and article of death, preserves the life of another.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO SUCCOR YOUR SIN-SMITTEN COMRADES?



"Christ did not shrink from the Cross. He saw that salvation for our race—and we know not what other advantages to other races—could only be effected by His sacrifice. He came from heaven to endure it, and instead of trying to avoid it, He pushed forwards to the tragic hour. He pressed on the sword until it was sheathed in His breast."
—THE GENERAL.

"Greater Love Hath no Man than This, THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS."

This Death-Stricken Soldier folded his own warm mantle round the Shivering Frame of his Mortal Enemy, Prostrate on the Blood-Sodden Earth.

"WHILE WE WERE YE SINNERS, CHRIST DIED FOR US."

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present too small;
Love so kind, so true, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."



IN THE BATTLEFIELD lay two soldiers, a Frenchman and a Russian. Into the din of the fray they had galloped. For hours, amid thick showers of shot and shell had they fought for their respective countries. Now, each finds a hard bed on the cold earth. In pain and agony they patiently wait for some help and succor. The one had his chest pierced by a cruel cannon ball, the other's leg had been broken. Doubtless, they both received their wounds at the same time. The ball had taken deadly effect, and its victim must die, while the poor, broken-legged fellow would in all probability recover. Like flashes of lightning their thoughts travel to wife, mother, home, and children.

Night comes on apace with its chilling, biting winds, making their agonies all the more severe.

The Dying Frenchman

has a warm coat which covers his body. The wounded men drew nearer to each other, and clasped hands. Soon the Russian fell into a heavy slumber. Only a thin coat covered his body, and his sleep would have been fatal. When in the morning he awoke, and gradually recovered consciousness, he found himself wrapped in a warm, French great coat. His dying companion, finding that his hours were numbered, had just strength enough left to take of his great coat, and wrap his now friend in it; then with a peaceful conscience he had breathed his last. The wounded Russian eventually recovered, and being a cripple, was sent to his own village. He took with him a button of the coat to which he owed his life.

What a noble example this to every officer, soldier, and recruit in God's noble Station Army! Great love this that prompted such action. Greater, grander, and far more supreme was the wondrous love that prompted Jesus to literally give His precious life for you and I. SELF-DENIAL WEEK is at hand. How much have you suffered for Jesus? In the service of High Heaven, how much have you lost? But for the boundless compassion, and the cruel death of the King of Glory, every Christian reader may have long been damned. Oh, the great love manifested by the dying Frenchman to one of his foes—a Russian. Jesus died for all His enemies. True, self-denial prompted

His Supreme Sacrifice.

Little could He be spared from His Father's home. "There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin." He counted not His life dear unto Him. Because He lost His life, He found it. Because He lives, we live, too.

SALVATIONIST, you should be glad to have a share in the blessing of SELF-DENIAL week. Your profession is such a high one. By your uniform you say that you are a follower of the Great Self-Denier. Then, don't fail to follow Him in this connection. The world's eyes are upon you. But for the compassion of the Man of Sorrows you may have been in darkness and we to-day having been forgiven much you should love much. Here there is a beautiful channel through which your stream of love can flow. "There is that scattereth and

yet increaseth." Scatter away then. Seek to benefit the Army's work and grease the old chariot's wheels by rubbing in the grease (money) during the first week in December. What great joys salvation has brought to your home! Then render Jesus practical help by

Practical Acts of Self-Denial

CHRISTIAN, real, thorough, washed-white, whole-souled Christian, SELF-DENIAL WEEK should act as a lever to lift you nearer to God. Though not a Salvationist, you are a soldier of the King's own troops; to the same goal you are marching; in the same fight you are battling. Perhaps you have a coat which you could throw over a dying warrior. Then, in your special part of the battle-field, what advantages you possess to infuse the self-denial spirit into others of your own peculiar regiment. Then you can help and succor the sorely pressed S.A. battalion by remembering to practice acts of self-denial during this week, and also take care that all your friends and neighbors hear about it.

BACKSLIDER AND LUKE WARM PROFESSOR, there is joy for you in this great scheme if you will seek it.

Once you Followed Jesus Closely.

Often you denied yourself of time, worldly pleasure, luxury and ease, to better further the Kingdom of God. Since then willful neglect and open rebellion have brought waves of sorrow and despair to your soul. You snatched at the shadow of self-justification and on to ruin and we are rushing at fearful speed. What a boon the S. A. work should be to you! Turn then to the Lord; give thyself of thyself; self, that foul monster, has successfully entrapped thy poor soul; self will land thee into a fearful perdition. Let thy pitiful, repentant cry be, "None of self but all of Thee." Then will follow other acts of self-denial which will bless and speed the war.

SINNER, you may be a smoker. Then do without the usual amount of smoking and chewing tobacco that week, give your cash value to the Captain, then give yourself to Jesus. You may be a heavy liquor drinker. Then cease this vile habit for the week, give the S.A. officer the value of the quantity of cured stuff which would have gone down your throat, and then go to the Fountain of Living Water, never again to touch, taste, or handle "distilled damnation." You may be a haughty, proud, female sinner. Your poor body is bedecked with the latest fashions. You know you would not like to be

Laid, a Corpse, in a Coffin

dressed as you are to-day. Give the Army the amount of cash you spend weekly, just for once. Then at its penitential-form seek and find that great salvation that can eradicate one of the most baneful of sins—PRIDE. You may be an unskilled business man. Your business has become your God. It burdens and worries have successfully choked and put out your rapidly-waning spiritual light. To such an one as you, the SELF-DENIAL WEEK can be the time of your salvation. Seek forgiveness, put God into your business, give some of your God to help along the Army's work, and you will be happy.

Reader, if a poor, dying French soldier had so much love to deny himself of a warm coat during a bleak, cold night on a battle field, and covered his enemy—a Russian—with it, thus saving his life, what ought you not to do during SELF-DENIAL WEEK by your acts of love and self-denial to save the millions of sinners who are going to hell? J. R.

Do you know the meaning of that word, "forever"? if you do, you will be able to form some estimate of the value of your neighbor's soul, and some idea of how much you should suffer to save it. —THE COMMANDANT.

Victoria, B. C. — Prisoners captured. Crowds going; open-air marches well attended, in spite of rainy weather. WAR CRYS being boomed. Best of all, the soul-saving work is going ahead. During the past few weeks many have knelt at our penitential-form. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald to the front, led by Captain Thomas and Patton, the latter for probably the last time. At night, three volunteered out.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. —GAL. VI. 2.

Trinity. — In the past three weeks six out for instruction, and three for holiness. — Captain NEWMAN

Vancouver. — Captain Milner is a Salvationist all over. Great and glorious work Sunday night. Two came to the mercy-seat.

Summerside, P.E.I. — Born here a month ago, and the joy of seeing ten souls saved. Backsliders are coming back. — Lieut. KURT for Capt. YONG.

Richmond St. — Sunday, Staff-Capt. McMillan and his son, and Social Reform boys with us. Good spiritual meeting. One soul. — Bro. ALLEN for Capt. WISEMAN.

Brandon, Man. — Crowds coming up, collections increasing. Showers of blessing. Commenced the Sunday with faith for souls. Five knelt for deliverance. — Capt. GREEN.

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. — II. COL. III. 23.

Bridgewater, N.S. — One soul. Visit from Captain Fugh, who gave a very interesting address on the Social work. Good crowd considering the evening was stormy. — Pearl HAMM.

Halifax I. — Thursday night, one soul. Friday night, three souls for pardon, and four souls for sanctification. Grand times Sunday, good crowds, four souls at the mercy-seat. — Sergeant-Major CASBIN.

Calgary. — One precious soul has heard the Saviour's pardoning voice. Week of special meetings. Banquet, a grand success. We have our eye on the Self-Denial target. — M. L. CAMPBELL, soldier.

Westville, N.S. — Souls have sought mercy. Although I am alone at present, God is helping me. On Thursday night, Captain Baird and Lieutenant Stephens were us good-bye. — Captain CAMPBELL.

Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. — GAL. VI. 9.

Halifax I. — The Week of Self-Denial will soon be upon us. I feel if we go in with all our hearts, and do our best, and induce others to go and do likewise, it will be a success. On Sunday, good crowds, and three souls at the Cross. — Sergeant-Major CASBIN.

Comber Circle Corps. — One or two souls. Visit Brigadier Margate. He spent Sunday morning and afternoon at Staples. Four for a clean heart, one for salvation. We have had to fight the tobacco devil. — Lieutenant TOOKER, for Captain ROCK.

Edmonton. — Three souls. While visiting, the people are very kind to us, and invite us to come again. I pray that God may help us to win souls from sin and darkness. Soldiers are taking real interest in souls. — Capt. ISAACSON.

Annapolis, N.S. — We are seeing a few people coming to the blood. Sunday, we had Capt. Knight and his bride with us. At night three volunteered. All came on the platform Monday. Going in for a good week of Self-Denial here. — Ensign ALWARD.

Perth. — Brigadier T. W. Scott with us, also the hallooing giant, Adj. Magee. Had the Knox Presbyterian church for the Social Reform lecture. Hurrah for S. D. I. We are bound to knock our target. — Capt. KENDALL, Lieut. HOLLYER.

The first of the first fruits of thy land shalt thou bring into the house of the Lord thy God. — Ex. xxiii. 19.

Bridgewater. — Grand temperance meeting. Special meeting Monday night. Brigadier Jacobs, Ensign Alward, Captain and Mrs. Pelley, Captain Boggs, Lieutenants Poole and Smith, to the front. — PAULINE, a soldier.

Clark's Harbor. — Special meeting. Captain Fugh with us, also Brigadier Jacobs and Lieutenant Smith. This was Brigadier's first meeting here; everybody turned out, and gave him a good welcome. Two sisters came to the penitential-form. — Captain BENNETT.

Springhill Mines. — Captain Miller, of Saskatoon, also Captain Perry with us. The last night of his stay, he gave a lecture on St. Paul's life and travels, illustrated by views from a powerful oil lantern. The people much interested. Two souls. — Captain PRINCE.

Gibson. — Since I came to this place, the fight has been hard and severe. The Salvation Army is not thought much of here. If they would take their social glass, and do as others, there are many persons who would be

some disciples. I think when we were right in our souls, we should delight in the fight. Thank God I know I have passed from death unto life, because I have a new power. I have something that reaches out towards God, and by the eye of faith I can see yonder Jesus. Comrades in the fight, stand to your post. Only God and I myself know how I win the Army. It's my home, my birthplace, where I was born. Well, I should I not love it! — Sergeant S. DEAN.

For unto you it is given on behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake. — PAUL. I. 20.

Till Cove. — We are the farthest camp north on the island. We are going in to work and fight against the powers of darkness. Soldiers, saved, and unsaved, have an interest in the work. Our barracks is being fitted up for the cold months, also the quarters. — Capt. BERTHOE.

Amherst. — Things are brighter, prospects better, God working, and victory near. We have been favored with a number of special letters; now they are all gone, and I have sent out myself again alone. One soul for cleansing, another for pardon. — Captain PENNEY, Lieutenant WILSON.

Channel, Nfld. — We struck the E. P. target and knocked it down. Seven souls have sought salvation. Cadet Green has arrived. The way a little "toll"; but God is with us. — Capt. COOPER.

Moosjaw. — Good soldiers' meeting, and holiness meeting. On Sunday morning one soul came back to the fold. Good crowds. — Capt. SCOTT, Lieut. KEMP.

Travelling a short time ago, we had a skin to sell. Met a man; asked him to buy. He said, "Yes," paid the money, and told me to take him to a certain gentleman. Then he gave me his name, and asked for mine. I thought he must have a lot of trust in the Army uniform. I believe in wearing our colors with all my heart. I never saw him before, and maybe, never will again. I might have kept that skin, but of course I delivered my trust I do in us. — S. M.

Lindsay. — The devil keeps a tight hold of the people. Lately we've been very busy. Our work has been as follows: In the morning we are CHORE-BOYS.

After breakfast, we are CARTERS—carting wood to the barracks for the winter.

After dinner, we are VISITORS, visiting our people. After supper, we take the place of PREACHERS—preaching salvation to the people. To cap all after our meeting till twice a week, we work at SELF-DENIAL target. We mean to march on, thinking God for plenty of work. — Lieut. SLATER.

As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. — GAL. VI. 10.

Halifax I. — Forty-one souls last fortnight, including three Sundays. Numbers for the blessing. Enrollment of recruits last week. Visit from Ensign Hartley and N. L. had a string band started of twelve instruments. Captured the crowd. Hall filled nearly every night. Farewell of our B. M. S. "Bliss" boys. Four more have come to their places. SEVEN WAR CRYS BOMBS APPOINTED. WAR CRYS CLEARED OUT FIRST NIGHT. — R. J. JEFFERSON, JOE SPARKS, C. O. G.

Everything looked bright as the MONTREAL band boys boarded the train for HUNTSVILLE, fifteen all told, with Ensign McLean. As the train neared its destination, we could hear the depot illuminated with the glow of torches, provided by our first foreman, Brother W. Ross. We were welcomed to the officers' quarters to the strains of well-known Army music. Barracks well filled. Free and easy, with no oyster supper.

Sunday afternoon, the life of Christ from the manger to the Throne. A magnificent full salvation open-air and indoor meeting. We desire to thank the people of Huntsville for their liberal hospitality. — A. R. C.

Brighton. — After committing our Kneph comrades to Jesus, we boarded the train for Brighton. Comrades here are willing to go all lengths for Jesus. The people very good to us in providing the necessities of life. Ensign Sears with us. One soul. Depend on us to do our level best for SELF-DENIAL. — Capt. BROADBENT, Lieut. NORMAN.

Friends Who are Willing to Work at Home

at some article for the Sale of Work to Toronto, about Christmas, a kindly request to write to Mrs. D. BARNETT, 41 Charles Street, Toronto.

CANADA — AND — CANADIANS

First Impressions.

BY OUR BRITISH EDITOR.



HEY are, as a rule, illusory — often like the sudden beams of early sunshine before a stormy day, or curtain of fog before meridian splendor. Unreliable, Inconstant! And yet first impressions must serve, I suppose, a purpose, similar to my daybreak analogies. For what they are worth, therefore, accept or reject them.

"I would that ye were either cold or hot!" Canada is both, and being a somewhat extreme individual myself, I would grow to appreciate, I suppose, the oven-like atmosphere of Canadian travelling on the one hand, and the chilling sensation you experience the moment you emerge therefrom on the other. That would take some time, however.

A COUNTRY OF EXTREMES.

I shall never forget the ride from Toronto to Kingston. Great ham bones! It was hot inside. I provided myself with an overcoat, on the advice of an International Secretary, as heavy as a wet deer-skin. "It is cold in Canada," he said, "very, very cold." Of course he knew best. I threw it on a wince of such. The night of it was distressing. I started to write. An old lady, with five parcels and a fur mantle, complained to the conductor about the air. "It's freezing, nor!" "All right, mam," the obliging soul replied, "I'll soon make it warm." And he did. I grew hot. I perspired. My jagged coat saturated Brea became unbearable. What to do, I knew not. I looked anguish at the conductor. But he stood sphinx-like. As for the old lady in fact, she was serene. Happy thought! I walked to the end of the car and inspected the arrangements. Here were water, soap and towels. I bathed my noble temples (!) in the cooling basin and returned to the pen. Scribble! Scribble!! Scribble!!! But only for a brief season. The atmosphere became most intense. I returned to the toilet and (publish it not in Gath, nor yet in the streets of Ankelon) diverted myself of my gossamer. Was there ever such a defeat?

Nevertheless, I make no complaint. In fact, I forgive the old lady in the fur mantle. Canadians must have heat, otherwise they would perish. So must we have heat—force, blazing, flaming heat. The heat that agitates self-satisfied, self-loving, self-servant travellers to eternity. Heat from heaven, kindled at the cross, fanned by sacrifice and self-denial, and sustained by an enlightened realization of the needs of a cold, un-fur world. Oh, for hot, fiery soldiers of the cross!

"This is the best governed city in the world," I say so advisedly. So spoke the Commandant to me concerning Toronto. I guess he is right. From what I have heard, read, seen, and gathered during this short trip, I should say that Canada sets the whole world splendid examples in order, government and sobriety. Its moderation is known to all men. It is a country of examples. Its sentiment and legislation on the drink question alone gives it pre-eminence among civilized nations. Yet, in the Old Country, are a long way behind, and drunkenness may be said to have been swept from the streets. The S. A. will, I hope, help the country to go on further, viz., sweep the drink away altogether—over

A COUNTRY OF EXAMPLES.

the border, or better, into the Gulf of St. Lawrence!

A country, such as Canada, that can boast of institutions which do not pauperize its poor, which aim at reforming and not merely punishing its criminals, and also secure for its citizens an almost absolute day of rest once a week, is as salt to the earth. It deserves to be held in reverence. Five millions of people living under such conditions are richer, by far, than a nation with twenty times that number who are degraded by the vices that proceed from corrupt and oppressive, albeit wealthier, governments. A great responsibility rests upon the S. A. in such a country. It is well equipped for grappling with those evils which, if not over-powered, have the inherent power to destroy the good and alter the character of the nation. Given a reasonable amount of help the Commandant can shape and extend his S. A. Scheme to meet this possibility. I am delighted with the lesson of "Joe Belf" in this connection. That part of Montreal in which it is situated is a new and better thing since it was started. A Salvation Army Shelter is more remunerative to a community than a body of criminal detectives, or half-a-dozen charities that are merely ameliorative in their end.

A COUNTRY OF EXPENDITURE.

The Canadians have evidently faith in themselves. They have gone heavily into debt, in full confidence of their ability to discharge the same. So far, so good. Of course, I don't know how far the country's assets are convertible and progressive. I have only looked at things on the surface, but the land and water alone contain, I imagine, inexhaustible wealth. There are your railways and all that they represent! The Salvation Army seems to me to have been founded in much the same way as this, the country itself, with an eye to the future. As any rate, our leaders—Mrs. Booth, as well as the Commandant—do not live and labor for the present. Every stroke of their policy is directed as much towards getting ready for the future, as blessing some body and soul in the present. That is how they impressed me. Wise expenditure justifies itself, and when, as in the case of Canada's social operations, they come to be weighed up by results in months and years to come, it will be shown that not a cent was given or spent in vain; in fact, the ploy will be that a little was forthcoming at the time the foundations were put in. All hall to the country of expenditure!



"Conductor! Its positively freezing!"

"I looked anguish at the sphinx-like conductor."

This purely from our point of the compass. A fine breeze is blowing. I felt its refreshing influence

A COUNTRY OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

among the Staff in Toronto, the meeting in Jubilee Hall, and all the way to Kingston, in three gatherings there, and in the same numbers at Montreal. Thanks to the patience and loving plod of the Canadian leaders, staff, and field officers, a great work has been done. It does not need one to live a decade here to see it. Following closely as I have done, the progress of the Army in Canada, the wonder of wonders is that the faith and courage of the Canadian officer is so strong as it is. I jotted down four definite reasons before coming to this, my concluding remark, namely:

1. The great need that exists for the Salvation Army in Canada, even in districts where apparently the religious requirements of the people are more than provided for. "We have had a great revival here," said the Sergeant-Major, of Cornwall, to me on board the car at three a.m. "The revival," he continued, "has had its rise among the churches, and, thank God for the good done! But, sir, we want something more than a revival; we want to keep it going. And the Army is just made for that end." He is right.

2. In the strong Salvationism of the soldier. They impressed me as rocky. Solid. And yet flexible as wool on the march, or in the giving of a halloo-jah finish. Uniform was well to the front.

3. In the readiness of officers and soldiers for the Self-Denial Campaign. I had a rare opportunity of studying Brigadier Scott in relation to this. The targets are all higher in his command this year—but I did not meet an officer whose face looked blue at the prospect. I would advise the other Brigadiers to put their sobering caps well on. Scott means it as such.

4. In the intelligent and faithful working of the Army's system. The Commandant testifies to this. He knows—none better. What I have seen confirms it. System as such does not go very far. I am well aware of this; but when methods for saving souls and waging war, such as ours are, intelligently grasped and applied with devotion and spirit, depend on it, there is a bright future before us. Lieutenant Soarr jumped on board the train at Belleville to report the work for her Ensign. "We had four souls on Sunday night," she delightedly said, "and the best of it is, they all turned up next night." She knew the best of it with converts that turn up, and captains also know what to do with them when they do. Canada is bound to

leap forward. It is a country of encouragement.

Such are my first impressions!

— THE — Champion 'War Cry' Editor AT KINGSTON.



HE whistle of the engine is heard at last, and in a short time we grasped the hand of one of the renowned leaders, the English Editor.

Colonel Nicol had a brief Council with the dozen or so officers.

Our visitor read from Act's 8 h chapter.

Then the officers partook of a Jubilee Tea. Here the Colonel took advantage of the opportunity to have a few words.

The band, with a crowd of soldiers, and the O-lone went for a march. All at once a sudden crimson glare appeared, and on glancing a few yards back, the worthy Ensign McGillivray could be seen burning red fire.

Mrs. Brigadier Scott and the Colonel asked G-d's blessing. Sergeant Nowney sang, accompanied by her guitar. Officers from surrounding corps spoke, then Brigadier Scott introduced the Colonel, who rose, and for over an hour uttered such truth as pierced the heart. He dwelt on the principles and practices of the Army, and gave some of his own experiences. Finally the Colonel made us all in hand, and then we felt there was no other organization to equal the Salvation Army.

Heaven speed Colonel Nicol. Thank God for giving us the privilege of his presence.

F. M.

Morrisburg.—Orders came to meet the train at 4:45 Thursday morning and give C.J. Nicol a "God bless you," to overtake him on his way. So Captain, Lieutenant and Sir G. Gildard shook the slumbers from their eyes, and took a long walk in the dark to the station. Train arrived. No Colonel in sight. Lieutenant, bound to see him, rushed through one car, then another, saw Brigadier, and finally beheld

COLONEL NICOL SWEETLY SLEEPING underneath a check cap.



She grabbed at his cap.

The train started.

She started.

Brigadier started after her.

With the aid of the conductor he succeeded in throwing her from the train abnarr. Then they walked home and followed the Colonel's example.

Thou day night twenty-five choruses, with some interspersed, were sung, then the officers were served, after which the meeting was concluded with twenty-five other choruses. In the prayer meeting three sisters held up their hands for prayer.—ETHEL WHITTAKER.

Grand Bank sends a full report written throughout in up-to-date nautical language. Unfortunately it is too late to insert. It is full of brave courage and tells of the H. F. target struck. "In order to raise the wind, on Saturday night, we had a War Cry meeting, with a pound collection on the door. This was a speciality, for pretty near everything was taken out of the City that we were selling. So to watch the meeting through the people bought up all the City, not leaving one for Sunday. It was indeed interesting, especially when Under Green read a report from the Salvationist, and gave a short account of his trip to Labrador and back in his."

Friday Night!

TIT-BITS REPORTED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Please Pray About These Meetings. They Have Been a Great Blessing to Many.

—THE COMMANDANT.

"DUST ENDUED."

"He who has the spirit of prayer has the highest interest in the court of heaven, and the only way to retain it is to keep it in constant employment. *—Jesus begins in the closet.* No man ever backslid from the life and power of Christianity who continued constant and fervent, especially in private prayer. He who prays without ceasing is likely to rejoice evermore." —ADAM CLARKE.

Some folk who got to realize they were no more than the first word in the motto "Dust Endued," had been exercising their privilege and got the second "endued" upon them. This was proved by the unctious which rested on the meeting right from the commencement of the preliminary prayer meeting to the time of writing.

When the Commandant standing at front of the people surrounded with the praying, believing, weeping, agonizing, rejoicing host cries, who believes for the 20th? Shall we have the 20th? and a big volley of "Amen's" is the response.

We are not going to try to describe the meeting, the glorious influences don't tend to aid in making good black and white descriptions. These goes Esigson Morris' comet, twirling up the scale like the clarion call of a bugler's "ADVANCE" in the midst of battle. Round the Jubilee Hall roared the echoes of "His blood can make the vilest clean."

If you wanted to hear the old Wesleyan song, "Arise, my soul," sung, you should have been at that meeting.

Looking at the little lassie who rules at the Working Women's Home, Albert Street, the Commandant said, "There isn't a poor woman comes into your Home, Capt. Soper, for whom there is not hope."

"Oh, God, save us from the sin that destroys our confidence in dealing with Thee." —COMMANDANT.

"Those who feel led of the Holy Ghost pray now," was an invitation from our leader, which was accepted at once.

"Bless this meeting; may every soul feel Thou art a Living Power," prayed Staff-Captain McMillan, and the prayer was answered.

Looking at nine jingles, all of a row, the Commandant said, "The tambourines are magnificent; thank God for a revival of tambourine."

"I can report victory in my soul," said a brother who responded to the call for testimonies instantly.

"Now you ought to give him a good 'HALLELUJAH'; it is not everyone who can report victory in their soul," said the Commandant. That "hallojah" soon came.

"Would you be saved from all your sin? The overflowing river; Don't stand on the edge, but tumble in The overflowing river."

was an apparently improvised chorus started by the Commandant, and evidences the absence of "cushaw" in the meeting.

"I'm foolish so that the bull's-eye of His love just reaches my heart." —COMMANDANT.

"I used to think it presumption to say we could walk daily without sin, but now I know it as my own daily experience." —A SISTER.

"I used to have a hungering of heart, although I was converted, but I was satisfied when I got the blessing of a clean heart." —ESIGSON HILTS.

"Some of you sit down in that laconic style as if it were a very matter-of-fact thing that He should sign the deed with His precious blood." —COMMANDANT.

Quoting the song words,

"Just as I am, a struggling soul, For life and liberty,

"Just as I am, a happy soul, With life and liberty."

Sister Worr's testimony touched every heart. She said, "The devil didn't want me to get up and testify." ("Just like him," Mother F.) Sister Worr, telling of a victory, said, "As soon as I stopped murmuring and thanked God for the sickness, God began to give me strength, and since I trusted Him to heal me, I have gained three-quarters of a pound every week." (Volleys.)

This from Did Florence: "I was saved in the old-fashioned way." (Here came a mighty shout of glory.) Pointing to his heart, and referring to Satan, "He can't get in here." (Amen.) Continuing: "I don't argue with the devil. I say, 'Here, old chap, you go your way and I'll go mine.' Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

Said a sister "fræe the Kirk": "Ye must be clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. Oh, I am so glad the Lord can cleanse a Presbyterian as well as a Salvationist. Seven years ago, He washed and cleansed me. Some of us when we are saved cannot stand. We have no backbone. God has made me to stand, not only that, but He has anointed me for service."

"I got so elevated here a week ago," said a brother, "that it has been an elevated week."

"Oh, brethren, I never felt more like being a Salvationist in my life," said a brother in black. A beautiful shape for a red gurnsey, we mentally ejaculated.

A sister, with tears, "I feel God does want me to go into the field again. I have had such an up-and-down life this last year."

"Look to Jesus! I feel that is the secret of a self conquering, devil-conquering, all-conquering life!" —MRS. BOOTH.

"I not only want to know every trait of His lovely character, but to gaze—and gaze—and gaze—till that character is mine." —MRS. BOOTH.

Moses got his strength on the mountain top.

"Moses got a shining heart as well as a shining face on the mountain top." —MRS. BOOTH.

"Many Christians do not know what it is to get calloused knees through prayer for poor sinners." —MRS. BOOTH.

"Some of you Salvationists, when you see a sister's fault, do not go to your God on her behalf. You would rather do a bit of pious chit-chat about it." —MRS. BOOTH.

"I am reminded of the General's words, 'Soul-saving is my business, and God has given me a hint for it.'" —MRS. BOOTH.

Addressing the sinners, Mrs. Booth said: "If at twelve to-night the last signal were to sound, and you could tell no more lies to Jehovah, you would have to admit that you are lacking—you have lost that love for souls you had."

"God knows you through and through." —COMMANDANT.

"Between your seat and this holiness table is a great principle, which is the principle of the Cross." —COMMANDANT.

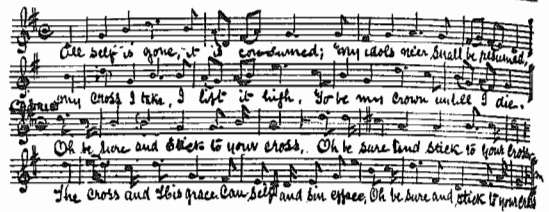
"This laugh and that religion seems so superficial. We want something deeper. Since my own personal religion became one with some real sacrifice in it, I feel that need more fully." —MRS. BOOTH, in private conversation.

There were twenty-six seekers in the pool before the benediction was pronounced.

J. C.

"Oh, Be Sure and Stick to Your Cross."

—THE GOSPEL.



I cast myself at Jesus' feet,
My sin-sick sorrow I repeat,
All inbred sin and pride must go,
That I my Lord may fully know.

No meat or drink, no joy or pain,
No idle pomp, no worldly gain,
No rest or place, no look or dress,
Shall stop me Jesus to confess.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. G.

Staff-Capt. Sharp Calls

"ATTENTION!"

"Right About Face—Quick March!"

If Pluck, Dash, and Energy are the Things Most Required, East Ontario Stands a Fine Chance to go above the Target.

The officers who have entered the race for the corps championship of the E. O. P. we call to ATTENTION!

1st. Capt. Bird, Picton, believes for \$155.

2nd. Capt. Poers, Montreal II., has faith for \$145.

3rd. Capt. Burrows, Renfrew, sure of \$132.

4th. Capt. Carter, Pembroke, goes for \$130.

Renfrew won the prize last year, but Bird aims high, and believes to get there; while Poers follows close on his heels.

Still, Capt. Burrows will not give in, and if you will read the following letter it will speak for itself:—

RENFREW.

"I am prepared, by the grace of God and good judgement, to challenge any corps of our size in the E. O. P., for if Renfrew soldiers and friends cannot outstrip anything of its size, I am badly mistaken."

W. H. BURROWS, Capt.

CONTEST.

Yes, here it is, and no mistake. Two young women against two newly married couples. Capt. Brady, of Port Hope, stands shoulder to shoulder with Captain Lett, of Campbellford, both run to gain \$80. I am sure while Capt. Malmont, of Hamilton, steps right up side by side with the bridegroom, Capt. Davis, of Gananoque. \$75 is the HONEYMOON OUTFIT.

CHALLENGE.

CORNWALL.

"We, the Cornwall corps, challenge Brockville in raising most money for S.-D."

ADLT. TAYLOR.

Sorry to say that since this challenge came the Adjutant has received farrowl orders. Still, I believe Esigson and Mrs. Hunter will run the challenge.

BROCKVILLE.

"Re Cornwall challenge. We will gladly accept this, although it is almost too late now. I have been so sick since coming home, but I believe to be in good trim for S.-D., to pitch in and defeat Cornwall."

E. MACNAMARA.

AMBITION

is one of the noblest gifts that a field officer can possess—to be ambitious in winning souls, to enroll the recent soldiers, making the liveliest aggressive corps, and winning the most money for the Kingdom. No less than eleven have entered into the competition for the \$70 race. Capt. Moffat, of Deseronto, and Capt. Coate, of Kempenfelt run abreast at \$65. Capt. Holman, of Napawan, is running at pace \$62, while Capt. Parsons, of Sunbury, turns the corner at \$60. Millbrook and Prescott tie together for \$55. Then Brighton, Bloomfield, Two Rivers, Port Hope, and Perth, run steady for \$50.

When there is a challenge there is excitement, so Kingston Juniors are all excited over the following news.

OTAWA.

"I was speaking to the Juniors yesterday about Self-Denial, asking what they would do, and they said, 'We will take Kingston and run them,' so at it they go. Ottawa shall win. Kingston shall be defeated." —T. COOMBS, Ensign.

ENTERPRISE.

Why should we not have more of it in the Kingdom of God? The world has it. We believe in enterprise, and we have got officers who go in for it and believe to reach the \$50 goal. Capt. Milson, just promoted, takes the lead at \$42. Odessa, Waterloo, and others are determined to win \$40, while Capt. Malkin, of Bedford, is only three dollars short of \$40. Then Norwood, Stanstead, Chesterville, and Richmond keep close to each other for \$35. This is news I love to receive.

TRANTON.

"Re challenging Morrisburg. Baiting it to be of God, I desire to enter the competition for Self-Denial against the corps of Morrisburg. I, therefore, this 3rd day of November, challenge the above corps." —W. BRINDLEY, Captain.

Capt. Odear, what do you say to this! Tranton is down for \$35, while Morrisburg is fixed at \$35.

And yet another challenge comes in.

CAMPBELLFORD.

"Re challenging another corps. At our soldiers' meeting last night it was moved and carried that we challenge any corps you have in the Province of our size." —CAPT. LESTER.

All right, Captain, go in to beat Port Hope.

Now, officers, let nothing bring defeat.

Moosomin.—Crowds increasing. Latest deepening. Conviction visible. Three soldiers added to the roll.—Capt. KADY.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETINGS * *

Toronto Special Holiness Campaign!

7:45 EVERY FRIDAY EVENING AT THE JUBILEE HALL

THE COMMANDANT

Will Continue His Addresses on "REAL RELIGION."

MRS. BOOTH will Speak and Sing.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND and all Headquarters' Staff will be present, BRIGADIER de BARRITT and the Divisional Staff. Toronto Corps will unite.



SELF-DENIAL WILL HELP THE POOR



The annual Rescue demonstration in Victoria was a great success, the Mayor, two M.P.'s, and many influential citizens being present. A collection of nearly two thousand dollars was given.

The Australian Cavalry Vans are doing good service in the villages.

Queensland has had a Rescue Annual. Australians evidently appreciate the work done by this branch of Army operations. Nearly \$1,500 was given at the demonstration.

Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle continue to have wonderful gatherings and results in their Australian campaign. A capture of 108 souls at one place is reported.

A cadet recently accepted in India, walked 158 miles to get to the Garrison.

Commissioner and Colonel Booth-Hallberg will land at Ceylon instead of going direct to Bombay. A big welcome will be given.

Colonel Jai Bhal recently visited Ceylon. Eight souls reported at one meeting. Crowds unable to gain admission.

India has just had its Self-Denial Week.

"Christ's call for Candidates" is the pictorial frontispiece of the latest Californian Cr.Y. The call appeals to the young woman at the sewing machine, and the school teacher, and also to the young man in the office, the studio, or behind the plough. Query—doesn't it extend to some Canadians, too?

The Californian Charlieoteers are charging upon remote places, and making captures for the King of kings.

Staff-Capt. B. B. Cox has conducted some enthusiastic meetings in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, the millionaire Salvationists, recently conducted a holiness meeting at the Congress Hall, Fresno.

Commissioner Cadman is jubilant over the capture of large and commodious premises, near Farringdon Road station, which is to be styled, "The Poor Man's Palace." It will accommodate 300 men.

The London County Council has closed a theatre called the "Empire." This plausible action, which has shut up a veritable hell-trap was brought on largely by the influence of the press. Let the Canadian press recognize its power in this direction.

The Self-Denial effort in Britain has been a great success.

The Light Brigade scheme in England assumed enormous proportions. Some 62,000 G. B. M. boxes having been circulated.

The "Darkest England" match factory is the only one in the United Kingdom where proper wages are paid, and non-polluting phosphorus only used.

Commissioner and Mrs. Rees have been honored a very enthusiastic reception at Cape Town. Canada salutes the new commander of the African force.

Africa has adopted the G. B. M. scheme.

It isn't "the Dutch have captured Holland" this time, but a Du'ch contingent has just left their native land to demand the surrender of Java to the claims of King Jesus.

The one thousand Jubilee cadets is almost accomplished, although the year is not nearly up. Britain's recruiting resources are not yet exhausted evidently.

Among the cadets recently accepted in England, many of them are linguists. Surely this seems significant of the Army's destiny to flood the earth with salvation.

The Junior soldiers in London, Eng., raised over three thousand dollars for the Self-Denial Fund.

NOTES

FROM THE

SOCIAL SECRETARY.

I have not come up to the surface much lately in the WAR CR.Y., as I have been very busy diving down into the hidden depths of the Social problems of the Dominion. Schemes, plans, proposals, estimates, suggestions, inventions, developments, and amendments, are all hovering around the axis on which I turn, both day and night. As far as I can see, the prospect for the Social side of things in the Dominion are grand, and our institutions and organizations are bound to develop. We are just putting in the seed of what is destined to bring forth a great harvest of

WANTED IMMEDIATELY!

Candidates for the Rescue Work.

◆ APPLY TO ◆

MRS. BOOTH,

S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.



Commissioner Coombs received a very enthusiastic and loving reception on his return from the International Congress.

Australian Salvationism triumphs in S.-D. just taken up; total, \$45,000. Highest total ever reached.

[Truly magnificent!—Ed. Canadian Cr.Y.] Commissioner Coombs just procured on Bourke Street, Melbourne, few yards from Legislative Assembly, magnificent building, recently erected by Y.M.C.A., of Melbourne. The place is the same of perfection; will make fine Territorial Headquarters for Australia.

God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the Lord is crucified unto me and I unto the world.—Gal. vi. 14.

reformation and salvation amongst the lowest fallen in our Dominion. One of the latest editions is Self-Denial. The Commandant has decided that each Social institution shall be worked as a corps, and shall have a portion of the cities in which they are situated to work. Already full instructions have been sent out, and the heads of our Food and Shelters, etc., are planning and scheming how to make this a tremendous success.

The following are the targets of the different places: The "Lifeboat," \$160; the "Lighthouse," \$150; the Halifax Shelter, \$100; London Shelter, \$100; Social Farm, \$100, and the Men's Industrial Home, of which Adjutant Manton is chief, \$50.

There is quite a little controversy in my mind as to whether the "Lighthouse" will beat the "Lifeboat," or vice versa. Anyhow, Captain Patterson has his men well in hand, and is determined to have the victory. On the other hand, I know

that Ensign Fox means victory or death.

Adjutant Miller and Captain McKee are rivals for the \$100 target. I should not be a little bit surprised if both of these topped it.

The Farm has got a good district, and this will be a splendid chance for Captain Peacock to put forth a little extra energy and work, while Adjutant Manton and his staff will, no doubt, have the victory; anyhow, they mean to work to gain this end.

I am pleased to report that the "Lifeboat," Toronto, has nearly all its beds occupied every night; its restaurant is crowded with hungry sufferers, who are supplied with the necessities of life three times a day. Captain Patterson has just been appointed to run this Shelter, and Captain Dudge has been appointed Cashier for the Social work.

Adjutant Manton has been appointed to the Industrial Home for Men, which he has fixed up, and which has been opened for prisoners. They are also running a coal and wood yard in connection. The Adjutant is anxious that the North-end soldiers and friends should visit him when in need of the necessities of life.

The "Lighthouse" (Joe Beef's), Montreal, is doing well. Ensign Fox is sparing no efforts to make this place boom; but it will take him all his time to keep ahead of the Toronto Shelter.

Halifax Shelter, under the command of Captain Macrae, continues to increase and improve. Beds, meals, baths, etc., are in greater demand every week, and there is a glorious prospect ahead for us to develop.

Adjutant Miller reports great things from London, and his cry is, "More blankets, more sheets, must have a wagon, etc., etc." His beds are all occupied every night. There is a coal and wood yard also run in connection with this Shelter. He is also getting some prisoners, which he hopes to lift in the Social scale to better positions.

My heart was touched very much the other day, while in the wood yard, at Wilton Avenue, a little girl came into the office with a parcel, and asked the attendant if we would give her mother some wood for the contents of the parcel, as she had no money, and they were very cold. The parcel contained a number of shoe-maker's tools in very fair condition. After due investigation as to where the tools came from, etc., we were able to supply their need. This speaks badly for the coming winter. Anyway, we are determined to put forth every effort to open means of industry to help the out-of, but willing-to-work. We have now in the city, three wood yards, and another one fixed up, and ready to start, but we are in great need of Social candidates.

The Latest by Telephone.

Jubilant voice at the Central Ontario Provincial Headquarters and of the wire:

"Hullo, is that the Temple?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to know the result of our nomination meetings in this city, so far?"

"Go ahead."

"Yorkville, \$101; Lippincott, \$122;

Temple, \$270; Richmond St., \$100."

"Good!"

"Yes, lovely, isn't it. We're going to knock our target all to smithereens."

Exit C. O. P.

There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—THE HEBREW STANDARD.



LET THOSE WHO HAVE HELP THOSE WHO HAVE NOT

Self-Denial Week will doubtless reveal to multitudes of good people, as well as thousands of inconsistent Christians how much superfluity there is about their lives.—THE COMMANDANT.

Read this, Captain, when you offer the "Cry" for Sale at the Meetings.

"I really must read you this, my dear, it's so very stirring"
 So she put aside her dish-washing for a minute, and dropped into the rocking-chair, glad of a brief respite, while she read the front page article of the War Cry.
 She raked the baby while she read.
 "Dear me," she said as he concluded, "I may that! We must do something for Self-Denial."
 (Cribbed from real life.)



Editorial Notings.

Reconciliation Week.

THE GLUT OF WORK is so great at Headquarters, that it is found impossible to arrange the organized effort necessary for the good running of our Reconciliation Week. It is consequently postponed "till a more convenient season."

THE RECONCILING HOWEVER, is going on, blessed by God. Were we at liberty to disclose some of the sacred happenings within our Salvation borders, it would be seen that a glorious work of the Spirit is going on, and God is bringing back to the Army fold some whom we have mourned as wanderers from it.

"PRAY . . . that they ALL may be ONE, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be ONE IN US; that the world may believe . . ."

Give! December 1st to 8th.

"The Haves should help the Have-nots," says someone. "Give," said our Divine Leader centuries ago, and added the promise: "and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." How mean in the eyes of God and man is that life which is absorbed in the "I" and the "My" to the exclusion of the "thou" and the "thine!" It is refreshing to turn from the spectacle of the selfish Haves, and the pitiful Have-nots, to the doings of the Army and its friends in Self-Denial Week. Here will be seen the heaven-pleasing sight of tens of thousands praying, giving, and toiling, not for the I and my but for the Have-nots thronging around. The Army recognizes the fact involved in the saying of the Lord Jesus: "I was sick, I was in prison, I was hungry, I was naked," and through Self-Denial Week directs its whole force in one supreme and extraordinary effort to procure the wherewithal to staunch the bleeding wounds of Lazarus at the gate. Once again we appeal to one and all to recognize Christ in the needy around, and to lay up so big a treasure Christward this week, that the Army will be sufficiently aided with funds, and their own reaping, according to the promise, be very abundant.

Memo re Xmas "Cry."

Any F. O.'s who have not replied to Editor's letter, should do so without delay.

Condolence.

The Commandant, in one of the many Headquarters meetings he has been conducting, made a touching reference to the sudden blow which has fallen upon our dear comrades, Major and Mrs. Streeton. Major Streeton's father had been ill for some time, but was much better; without warning, therefore, the cry brought news of his death. The War Cry joins with our leaders, and other comrades, in expressing its sympathy with their bereaved Brother and Sister Streeton. May God comfort them.

Toronto, Advance! S.D.I

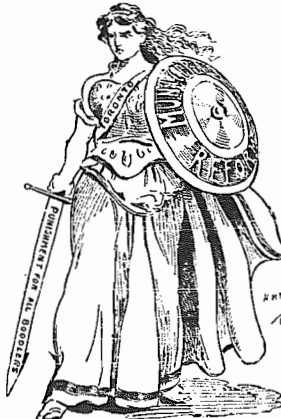
News just to hand from Toronto city

corps is highly exhilarating. Nomination meetings were held, and excellent results obtained. The Temple leads with \$270 nominated. They will be sure to do their \$600. Other city corps are proportionately good. Praise the Lord.

S.D. "Cry."

This will be a charmer. Pile on the sale, comrades. Can we not have a new boom for the Cry enlisted in every corps? The S. D. Cry will be a very opportune time to start.

WITH DRAWN SWORD.



Toronto Stands Prepared to Mete Out Retributive Justice at all Hazards.

MUNICIPAL CLEANSING is the order of the day. Dr. Parkhurst has wielded the rod of God in New York like a veritable Moses, and, lo, the wicked-wands of the Tammany tricksters are gobbled up. The Daily Witness has played a noble part in Montreal, and in Toronto, Judge McDougall's verdict has put the finishing stroke on a case which has amazed a good many people. We are full tear with the war against sin, drink, and the devil (unholy trinity!); but we can stop to say to those wailing "the rod," "God bless you, go on!" We notice, too, with no small pleasure, the soundness of the Canadian Press on these matters. The newspapers' ally voice public opinion, which may be correctly guessed from the accompanying cartoon, taken from the Toronto Evening News, of November 14th.

Colonel Nicol's Last Tip to the Canadian "Cry" Man.

"Push on, old fellow. There is no royal road to success in any walk of life. Genius is eternal patience; we shape what that. I had a most profitable time, and got a fair amount of copy."
 "I was awfully grieved I had so little time in Toronto. Move next!"
 "Salute to Esau Kinton, and your new-found partner."
 "Ever sincerely yours,
 "ALEX. M. NICOL, COLONEL."

No doubt Mrs. Read but voices the sentiment of many another, to whose heart-aching cry we have been forced, with reluctant fingers, to point the Editorial scissors. She writes:
 "I can easily understand it is very difficult to insert all copy, but was rather disappointed that you had not room for a longer or more detailed account of the opening meetings, which were in every way a success, and I did not think my brief summary did them justice at all.
 "I did want to send the Cry to some of the friends, and was, therefore, sorry that the Great Church meeting, demonstration in barracks, etc., was not reported fully.
 "I suppose we are all anxious for the advancement of the special corner, for which we are responsible, and the Cry does help the work very much—not only in selling it locally, but in bringing in assistance to the various branches of work "written up," and a great interest has been taken by the people of our Province in our new home."

MRS. BOOTH THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN!

CONDUCTS
 Another of Her Dearly-Prized and Appreciated Spiritual Meetings

WITH THE
 WOMEN OF HER SOCIAL STAFF.

We always look forward with delight when we hear that a meeting is to be led by our dear leader, Mrs. Booth.
 The Women's Social meeting, last Tuesday, in the Auxiliary room, was a time of blessing and inspiration to every heart present, and we are all determined to follow out in life and work the Divine instruction we received from Mrs. Booth.
 Each officer told of the victories won in soul and work, all being satisfied they were in their right place, and perfectly happy.
 The meeting over, we went to the Women's Shelter, where Mrs. Booth had so kindly provided a lunch for us, and in the midst of it, the Commandant came in rather unexpectedly, yet, nevertheless, lovingly welcomed. We all felt proud to gaze on the face of one who has fought and won so many victories, and we are really thankful for the blessed privilege of fighting under such faithful and devoted chiefs as our Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

ENSIGN TIERNY.

Financial Secretary's Notes.

"Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here."—SRELS.

"My dear Streeton, I am going to tell you something that will be a great blow to you." So spoke the Commandant on Wednesday morning. When I replied, "I think not, sir." Little did I imagine what was about to follow. "I have received a cable from England saying your father died quite suddenly."

What a cold thing that cable seemed, for only two days before had I received one of those very welcome and loving weekly letters (and two days after the cable, one more.) "He was such a good man, never kept me back," were the first words that came in reply.

It was hard, yes, very hard; and to be powerless to do anything made things worse.

In this one of the "All things"? Yes! and our hearts respond, "Thy will be done."

Many thanks, my dear Commandant, and comrades, for your kind and timely expressions of sympathy.

May I ask your prayers?



PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Dover to be Captain.
 Lieut. Pinnett to be Captain.
 Lieut. Birke to be Captain.
 Cadet Alice Fisher to be Lieut.

APPOINTMENTS—

Capt. Birke.
 Capt. Dover to Bothwell.
 Lieut. Fisher to Welland.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
 Commissioner.
 Territorial Headquarters,
 Toronto, Ontario.

FLINT, MICH., Nov. 20.

WAR CRY, TORONTO:

Finished Cleveland campaign; spiritual splendid. Ninety-nine seekers at form for day. Cincinnati tip-top; four hundred Auxiliaries wearing badge; two meetings, massive music hall seating five thousand. General left for care during magnificent prayer meeting. Kneeling penitents, eighteen hundred. Toledo church, afternoon and night. Doctor Ward proposed thanks, saying there was man sent from God—his name was Booth. Detroit O. K. Three elite gatherings yesterday. Morning First Baptist Church thronged; two hundred dollars collection; afternoon social talk, riveted crowds; night, twenty-four souls.

LONGFELLOW,
 International War Cry Correspondent.

COLONEL NICOL IN TORONTO.

EVENING MEETING.

In the well-filled Jubilee Hall, an appreciative company gathered to welcome the champion War Cry Editor of the world.

Colonel Nicol arose, and amid a bolshus tumult of greeting and applause. He talked rapidly and earnestly, carrying the audience to and fro through time and space, with a rapidity enough to take one's breath away.

He commenced by stating how impressed he was to find how much like Salustians are, in whatever quarter of the globe you may find them. Whether listening to the jumbled testimony of the African, just emerging from the barbarism of the jungle into brightness of light of external day; or among the so-called Laps of Northern Europe. Whether among the enlightened and swaggering Yankees, or the

Composed, Cool, Well-Educated Canadians.

The Colonel considered now he had almost concluded his education as a Salvation tramp.

He reverted touchingly to the day when first, on his knees before God, he had throbed on the question of his own self-surrender.

He confessed himself a Scotchman, his delighted the audience with the avowal, made by somebody, that a Scotchman was a man who "keeps the Sabbath, and every other blessed thing he can lay his hands on;" whilst the Scotchman, it is said, is one who can "mend stockings, make porridge, and

Look After Jack when he comes home drunk." Anybody, the Scotchman knows a good bargain when he sees it.

Before the speaker was converted—on riding to his own showing—he was "a queer customer," imbued with the love of pleasure—the theatre, the dance, the saloon. He always liked merriment; he liked enjoyment. But at last he discovered the only way to be happy, was to be good. He did not want a Christianity that makes people go about with a face as long as a church-spire. His early days had

There ought to be no difficulty as to the whereabouts of any true Salvationist. To look for him at the Cross should be sufficient.—THE COMMANDANT.

GLORIOUS THINGS THE GENERAL.

Bishop Nicholson, of Philadelphia, Calls the
Salvation Army
"A UNIQUE REVOLUTION."

"I AM to introduce to you one whom already the public press, with its thousand tongues, has made known to you. The work of the Salvation Army, it is a remarkable fact, is now
Riveting the Gaze of the Civilized World.

(Applause.) We might almost say that the world over has now heard the sound of the drum and fife, calling to battle, not against flesh and blood, but against the world, the flesh and the devil. (Applause)

"And magnificent have been the results already attained. We stand amazed at the progress and the achievement of this unique revolution in Gospel work among men, and therefore we cannot but be glad of the opportunity—we, I say, here assembled, the leading clergymen of Philadelphia, and men of mark in this community—of listening to him whose genius for aggressive gospel, benevolent work God has sanctified to the founding, and the organizing, and the conducting of this

Marvellously Great Gospel Movement—a movement having for its aim, and having already attained remarkable success in pursuit of that aim, to carry the very first principles of the Gospel—the authoritative terms of salvation—to nooks and corners, along and across, where hitherto our Churches have scarcely gone." (Applause.)

Bishop Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, spoke with dignity and enthusiasm combined as he thus introduced the General to his first audience in

The City of Brotherly Love.

"As we clasp hands to-day let it help us to go out further still to rescue those whose salvation he is seeking to accomplish. In this manner Mrs. Ballington Booth concluded her prayer; and as the General unfolded, with ready word and animated spirit, the way God has led him and the Army he leads, we praised God for a literal fulfillment of her petition.

Somewhat everybody seemed to get helped, cheered, or at least enlightened. The latter were a pretty numerous class, judging by some of the questions asked, and the answers given, in the answering of which, as well as some more intricate queries, the General exhibited a readiness and wit which was keenly appreciated. For instance:

Question: "What is the Army's regulation with regard to alcoholic beverages?"
Answer: "That they are not to be partaken of. If any of our soldiers partake of them, we should put them out; what is more, remove anyone that manufactured them." (Loud applause)

Question: "What are your views regarding the legal Sabbath day?"

Answer: "We reckon we have seven Sundays a week." (Another plauditory outbreak.)

Question: "Is it consistent for a member of the Army to vote for a saloon license?"

Answer: "It would be very inconsistent." Then Dr. Pierson—known to many Londoners as the gentleman who so ably filled Mr. Simpson's place at the Tabernacle for several months—in the kindliest spirit put the very penetrating inquiry: "Supposing you were about to start your Social Scheme again, would you be induced to make any alterations in your plans?"

The General's reply was emphatic and decisive: "As to the radical, fundamental parts of the Scheme, I should have no alteration to make, for I have no doubt I was divinely guided in what I did."

SUNDAY IN QUAKERDOM.

THE GENERAL ATTAKES RELIGIOUS HYPOCRISY
A 4,000 AUDIENCE WITH ARMY RANGES
AND SEES A CROWD AT THE CROSS.

Whether the Quaker City or the Empire

City leads is a matter of opinion. After a Sunday of great blessing and enormous gatherings—almost as many people being shut out as squeezed in—it would not be fair to put Philadelphia second to any place in the campaign.

When, with a thousand strong congregation, we commenced the day's battle in the Memorial Hall, the General, half pathetically, half jealously, remarked that his people kept him

Running Around Seven Days a Week—and mainly for other folk. He was going to try to get a little in this morning for himself. "And I am coming to the throne of grace! Let us all go there!"

He read with the practical application that we should and could always be in the ready-to-get-down on your knees spirit.

"I am," added the General, "a great believer in the grandeur of man as man, in the possibilities of his future and in the immense growth and expansion of my own nature and years. I believe it is quite possible to be saved after the power of an endless life, which is not an endless stagnation. But I am also a strong believer in the wreck and ruin that has been wrought by sin. It has brought you into this poor wandering state in which you are.

Led by the Nose by the Devil

to do his will. But oh, Jehovah has undertaken you! God Almighty has got hold of you! You may not feel it, but He is close to you, and He is going to make a good job of you—if you will let Him. He is almighty to save."

"My Father wants to see you happy," was the thread of the theme which ran all through the General's address, which stirred the hearts of the General's hearers, with the addition, "And my Father can make you happy."

"If you sung more your servants would get saved; if you sang more, mothers, your children would get saved. Joyousness is natural to them; they don't like the religion of

A Melancholy Old Grandmother."

With great plainness the General dealt with the cause of religious melancholia, saying he had no time for sowing people down. "Leave your bread and water cist—do the duties of religion because you ought—and come and have roast beef and turkeys—the gladsome, holy heart that lives and works by love!"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The following three memorable events took place at Washington, D. C., in connection with the General's great demonstration at the National capital:

1. The cordial reception given by the local committee as the General emerged from the Philadelphia depot at three o'clock.

2. The meeting of the pastors of the city and suburban churches at three p.m.

3. The influential and representative gathering at eight p.m., in the huge Convention Hall, where the General delivered an exhaustive address on "The Social Scheme" to an appreciative audience of some 4,000 persons.

Upon the arrival of the General and party at the Pennsylvania depot, Dr. Newman, on behalf of the local reception committee, extended a hearty welcome to the distinguished visitor.

The first important meeting for ministers was held at the First Congressional Church, corner of Tenth and G Streets, where the General described

The Rise and Progress

of the Army. We cannot do better than quote the Washington Post report:—

"When General Booth had finished his

talk, many questions were propounded by the gathering. Among them were: How does the Army stand in regard to the sacraments of baptism and communion?"

"To this he made reply that up to the present time it had not been practicable for them to have either of these in their meetings, but in the future he felt that perhaps the Lord might lead them to take a different course. 'Meantime,' said he, 'we have constant spiritual communion with Christ, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit.' If any soldier was disposed to take the wine of communion he was at perfect liberty to do so, and so, far, no church had refused to receive those who manifested this desire.

"At the conclusion of the meeting a rising vote of 'thanks, sympathy, and goodspeed' was adopted. General Booth expressed his warm appreciation of the welcome he had met with, and Commander Ballington Booth called down a benediction."

Prior to the evening meeting, Salvationists of a rank met at the barracks and marched to Convention Hall.

When the General appeared upon the platform of the huge Convention Hall, at 8 p.m., he faced

An Audience of 4,000

persons, who greeted him with ringing applause.

The proceedings commenced by singing. Then in an instant the blast of trombone and cornet, the bang of drum and cymbal, and the ecstasies of fermenting Salvationists were hushed while Dr. Tunis Hamlin fervently prayed.

Mr. Justice Strong addressed the audience, introducing the General. The justice said he deemed it a privilege and pleasure to present the projector, organizer, and founder of the Salvation Army. Its soldiers were to be found everywhere, and the organization was still growing. No organization of the Christian Church had developed to such an extent in the same length of time.

But it has been found that it was a military organization, but what was Christian life but a warfare? We are commissioned as God's soldiers in our churches in such songs as "Oward, Christian soldiers," and "Oae army of the living God."

THE BALTIMORE BATTLE.

Baltimore is known in the States as the Monument City, and that, perhaps, is what makes it such a hard nut for the Army to

"crack." The great difficulty, it is said, lies in soldier-making. This point is fairly strong in auxiliaries; but the General's visit happened to be on the day after election, when everybody seemed to have abandoned themselves to political excitement and enthusiasm.

The first meeting was in New Music Hall. Mayor unable to be present, but President Gilman, of the John Hopkins University, readily undertook the duty.

In his remarks, he said: "The problem of all thoughtful persons is how to reach those multitudes who are steeped in iniquity and degradation. We know that in every town—in Baltimore as well as in New York—poverty, idleness, intemperance, vice, crime, and sin are rampant; and we know how feeble are our efforts when we endeavor to reach those who are overwhelmed with the circumstances in which they are placed, and the habits which they have formed. Shall we not, then, give a hearty welcome to one who stands for an ideal, and that ideal is the rescue of the forlorn and the neglected?"

A very cheering letter, showing the endorsement of sympathy and approval at work, however, came from the superintendent of the Baltimore Christian Endeavor Union, signed by seven ministers.

The General told his audience it was

Rather a Novelty

for him to speak to other than a crowded house, but he hoped those who were present would make up for those who were not, especially in the matter of the collection. His was a topic which did not need large crowds to raise the enthusiasm of his own heart. As the General proceeded there was a gradual but certain change of interest and sympathy, and loud cheering greeted the sentiment.

"I hope we are going to have a good old crusade—not of the holy places of the Holy Land, but of the hearts of men and women that can be cleansed and made holy and fit for the New Jerusalem."

For the Salvation

and sanctification of souls. We to-day was wholly devoted to this the daring enterprise of the General's heart. Morning and afternoon meetings were in the Music Hall; at night, in the new Music Hall. The attendances were not nearly so large as we would have liked.

been full of infidel notions. He had decided that religion was an old superstition, only needing

The Broom of Science

to sweep it clean away. He remembered, with sorrow, how he had stamped on the tears of his mother where they had fallen from her cheeks. But grace had swept all that away.

The time came when he, too, got converted. A young man, who then had recently been converted, and testified among his fellow-mates, he regarded as a raging, ranting Methodist. But when they began to blaspheme his God, it was too much for the lad, and he turned upon his persecutors with tears in his eyes. In the reality of the experience, God seemed to make Himself manifest, and the Colonel recognized the Spirit of the Saviour, and the spirit of the men who offended Him.

He became convicted. For a fortnight his life was turned to bitterness, for he had

Always Liked Sin.

He worshipped the theatre; for three months he had never missed a night there; but he could almost die rather than give it up.

It was last he found rest at the foot of the Cross; rest as he had been, he knew he was converted. So filled with joyful experience he was, that he collared his brother, and pulled him out of bed to tell him so. His mother kissed him, and together they sang:

"My Jesus to know,
To feel His blood flow;
His life overruling,
His heaven below."

Here Colonel Nicol launched forth into a hot-headed appeal to the unsaved.

Finally he reverted to Canada. He spoke with cordial love and admiration of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. He assured us he

Felt "Jolly Proud"

of the Commandant. We have comparatively little idea of the high estimation in which he is held in the Mother Country. Through the influence and skillful training of Herbert Booth, many a young sailing has become a mighty oak, now fighting manfully in various parts of the world under the Army flag. He regarded the Commandant as one of God's favorites.

(Space Exhausted.)

The Temple S.-D. Nomination.

Dear comrades and friends, this is to let you know that the Temple corp is alive and booming. If this report is not quite orthodox, please excuse a novice; I will try and do better next time.

Hallelujah! Sunday morning, fifteen at knee-drill. Glorious time; regular hallelujah breakfast. The Lord does specially! I was his child when they deny themselves of a little bodily rest for His dear sake. If you don't believe it, just try and see. Brigadier de Baris was with us. He and his concertina were very much in evidence. We had a real blessed time, and many new vows were made to be better soldiers and Christians than ever before.

The afternoon and evening meetings were announced as the nomination for Self-Denial for the Temple. I rejoice to be able to report a glorious victory. The Brigadier explained the idea of Self-Denial in his usual masterly and forceful manner, and his appeal for help in this great effort was liberally responded to by the comrades and friends promising to give and ob-lit something over the Temple cause; I have great faith for the Temple corps; I believe we shall more than hit our target. FAREWELL TO GOD AND HARD WORK WILL ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING.

After the business of nomination was over, which brought our list of promises up to \$280, we settled down for a real good spiritual message, which was crowned with success. I believe these precious souls sought and found our Saviour, to the joy of their hearts. Please excuse this crude attempt, as it is my first, and pray and believe that I shall do better next time. God bless you!

P.S.—I heard of a comrade who agreed to do with no butter from now until after Self-Denial, and to give the money to this Food. I think this is a real, down-right bit of self-denial, as he is especially fond of butter; besides, he does not get any salary. What do you think, Editor? Kirs.

[Thos. O. K.—Ed.]

Charge of the West Ontario Self-Denial Cavalry.

BATTERING-RAMS PLAYING RIGHT HARD.

BRIGADIER MARGRETT.

Despite terrific odds let it be understood that this year of '94 is the time when West Ontario is going to win.

THE TARGETS have been set some time ago. \$3637 is our target, which is to be sent sky high. She can be sent as far above the sky as you like.

It may be as well to show you how the cavalry troops will make this year. On the day that totals are counted, and the final inspection is made, mounted on their prancing, snorting, spirited steeds of determination, pluck, energy, and faith, each warrior will hold a medal, upon which will be inscribed the result of the S.-D. victory they have won.

I will just take you for a glance at the district commands as they appear in the disposition, and show you how this will be accomplished. Ensign Moore has gone into Chatham. Last year the Ensign brought the Windsor target from \$52.52 to \$72.01. Since that period he has joined "the benedictines," and I have heard of his better half calling non doctors, lawyers, judges, and business men, in the interest of corps work, and mark you, notwithstanding the fact that that noble heroine, Ensign Aikenhead brought up the Chatham troops from \$165.70 to \$239.28 last year, on Moore's medal will be written in plain language the words, "Target \$325 passed."

Dresden will gallop through her foes. You have heard of the charge of the Scotch Grays, and your blood has run high when your mind has viewed the tragic, thrilling scene. If the Scotch are heroes, Newfoundlanders are enthusiastic, and you'll see Ensign Ogilvie and her Lieutenant with a shout and a bang, come trooping into the goal of victory. Even though you have gone to the N.-W., Ensign Goodwin, you will have to mind your laurels. \$192.32 was a glorious rise last year on \$31.85. Ensign Ogilvie's medal, however, will show at least \$180.

Guelph, mind you, is going to get a lifter. This will be the first time that Ensign Case has hauled a district through the S.-D. effort, but believe me, he brought Goderich from \$54.15, in '92, to no less a handsome rise than \$105.68 in '93. Ensign Miller made this district rise \$254.00 at the last effort. \$325 in this year's goal, but I tremble for Ensign Clarke, of Windsor district, whose target is \$415, for Cave glories in making his medal read, "No equal; everything left far behind."

London district did \$304.09 in '93. This against \$187.04 was a splendid increase. Then Adj. Archibald was at the fore; now Staff-Capt. Collier overlooks, and although at the present he is real sick, I have heard a few birds whistling, say now that Ensign Lowry is at the centre it becomes a serious question as to whether Ensign Fraser will come in before my stork comrade Collier or no. The London medal shall read \$460.

At Owen Sound district the foe they have to fight \$175. There is only \$15 between that and the Dresden target. Do I think Edward Lee is going to be left behind, the Scotch Grays, or no grave, for a rise of \$15? Naught less than \$175 will be blazing on Lee's medal.

Palmerston, last year, was the district which did \$122.31, and this year is down for \$295.

Petrolia is like Victoria, it glories in giving and helping forward the war. The oil manufacturing may have something to do with that. From \$140.40 in '92, to \$170.33 in '93, Ensign Creighton brought up the figure. Gideon, you'll see him come puffing out with steam at high pressure, and his medal marked no less than \$265. Query: Will he allow Palmerston, or even Chatham, to surpass him?

Seaford and Simcoe. Adj. Taylor and Ensign Maltby, secondly, Ensign Ayre and Ensign Fraser brought Seaford from \$135.81 to \$192.39 last year, while Ensign Ayre brought Simcoe from \$123.61 to \$178.23. Seaford is aiming at \$305 this year, and Simcoe



WITH MAJOR FRIEDRICH (continued).



HE next place we called at was the Women's Shelter at Hanbury Street. It was a sore sight to see the gathering of poor wretches, some with several children.

This scene must be seen to understand it and to be stirred by it in the innermost soul.

Wretchedness, misery! These are no names for their condition. I can well understand the bitter feeling of hate and its train of desires which must rise in the heart without Salvation and God, of those poorest of the poor whom I saw there, when they see

Comfort, Luxury, and Extravagance displayed lavishly as they do in London. I could not help but ask the Lieutenant who was showing us round, whether she did not find it very trying and difficult.

"His grace is sufficient," she answered, with a smile of faith.

God bless these brave ladies, for braver are there than many an one whose bravery is publicly lauded.

A Women's Metropole is connected with this shelter, where beds, clean, and very comfortable, can be had for fifty cents a week, which is a boon to many a poor girl struggling with poverty, and worse difficulties.

On we hurried to the Lighthouse, to see the men at tea. My word, they get enough for tea to do me almost all day, and they can lay it in, too.

Capt. Winch knew Everybody,

and had to say a word in passing to many. Quite frequently he would stop and take a drink of tea out of their big mug, which was cheerfully granted, and when he said "Good night," the men answered in chorus, "Good night, Captain," which sounded like the roar of many waters.

Next came the Men's Metropole, being a big thing, and then the big Shelter at Blackfriars Bridge, which is bigger still, accommodating over a thousand persons. The cheerful looks and manners of the officers in charge, and the spirituality which pervades all those connected with the management, struck me very favorably. I can but say, "God bless them," for any more to say would be ineffectual.

We called also at the Bridge, being the Prison Gate Home, which is also in a very good condition, and harbor many rescued from sin and destruction, both socially and spiritually. Dad Sloss, the converted burglar, who had spent forty years in prison, was flogged eight times and got saved in 1889 at Clerkenwell, showed us round the institution.

\$300. Both are newly married people, both have rest, sterling, competent better-halves, and both are new on the field.

There'll be a Gale on at Strathroy, which last year, under Ensign Hendricks, rose from \$57.38 to \$125.13. Nevertheless, at Owen Sound, the Gale blew up the figure from \$70.04 to \$93.54. It is pretty certain that no less a figure than \$223 will be inscribed on Ensign Gale's medal.

Ensign Clarke is at the front for Windsor. He gets hold of mayors and aldermen, and merchants, and I know not who. He lifted Woodstock from \$13.50 to \$92.90 last year. There is \$80 difference between his target and that of Ensign Fraser, who did a good stroke last season at Seaford. Now, Ensign Fraser, you'll need to be on the alert. Woodstock medal will be stamped with the figure \$475, while I feel quite as confident that Ensign Clarke will make sure that his target, \$415 is shattered to pieces.

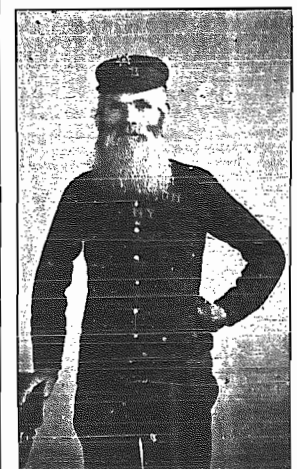
The Visitor's Book

contained the names of some Americans, one of which wrote the few significant words, "To be good is to do good," to which I said, "Amen!" and prayed to be able to fully understand and act in my own life. It was nearly eleven o'clock before we got through at night.

Thursday, Sept. 12th, I went to Hadleigh Farm Colony. Unfortunately, I did not take my camera with me, which I regretted all that day, and afterwards until this day. The situation is very nice indeed.

Near the ruins of Hadleigh Castle is a spacious refreshment room for visitors and picnic parties.

Colonel Stitt was kind enough to conduct me personally all over the big place, from early afternoon till evening, when we both had supper, and I returned by train to London.



DAD SLOSS, Converted Burglar, 40 Years in Prison.

The Farm Colony is much bigger than I anticipated. The aspect is good. Stacks of hay, grain, and beans are all over the place, between the Farm and the wharf on the Thames. Our locomotive "Prosperity" is hauling trucks to and fro. A planing mill is near the wharf, and the brickyard employs a number of hands.

(To be continued.)

The following shows the position of each district and target:

Woodstock, \$475; London, \$460; Windsor, \$415; Chatham, \$325; Guelph, \$328; Seaford, \$305; Simcoe, \$300; Palmerston, \$295; Petrolia, \$265; Strathroy, \$223; Dresden, \$190; Owen Sound, \$175.

The four district corps who made the largest rises in '93 were: London, \$102.01; Woodstock, \$78.10; Chatham, \$68.59; Strathroy, \$60.10.

The second grades were: Simcoe, \$54.30; Dresden, \$49.63; Petrolia, \$37.94; Owen Sound, \$32.34.

The third grades were: Windsor, \$19.49; Seaford, \$15.35; Guelph, \$23.69.

The only district corps which did not reach as much as the year previous was Palmerston.

The six corps who made the best increases in '93 were: Essex \$53.66; Goderich, \$51.43; Wallaceburg, \$42.66; B.-rln, \$35.45; Tillicumby, \$32.81; Galt, \$31.28.

The six corps that made the second best increases in '93 were: St. Marys, \$22.34; TH-

bury, \$19.16; Dutton, \$16.68; Amherstburg, \$15.44; Leamington, \$14.43; Sarnia, \$13.43.

The third grade corps who got over the amount of the previous year were: Wyandham, Ridgeway, Bothwell, Thamesville, Chesham, Warton, Paris, and Stratford.

The corps who did not get as much as '93 as in '92 were: Blenheim, St. Thomas, Dutton, Wingham, Brussels, Listowel, Mitchell, Clinton, Brantford, Norwich, Theald, Comber, and Ingersoll.

THE GREAT S.-D. BATTLE IN THE North-West and B. C.

BY MAJOR READ.

NOW WE COME INTO THE ARMY OF THE ONE HUNDREDS. A noble crowd, but this year I am very anxious for them to rise to the ranks of the TWO HUNDREDS. Now the first of these is Edmonton, which last year stood at \$165.85, but, Captain Isaacson, your corps is booked for \$300 this year.

WELL DONE, LITTLE EDMONTON! Last year you in the HUNDREDS, but this year with Captain Bob Smith at the helm, assisted by Lieutenant Orr and Cadet Spence, you ought to do some tall work indeed. Then there are those North Dakotas. Surely they too will come forward, as 4 of their abundance will give unto the Lord. What commendation it would make did these Americans and Canadians pull together and raise \$200. Their target is only \$160, but surely I can reckon on \$200 being raised here.

CARBERY, dare I match it against Emerson, its sister circle corps! Now, Captain Bailey, it will not hurt the feelings of your old comrades to fight them. But I shall think, lean towards Emerson, and the Pembina folks will do a great deal on this side. Carberry, go at it. Instead of getting \$120, which is your target, go on to get \$340.

Now for the DISTRICTS! Last year there was only one station in the district, and that was Moose Jaw. Their target is listed to \$100. Captain Scott, I should jump for very joy did you get \$150, and thus try and get ahead of Fort William and Port Arthur. Moose Jaw people love the S. A., and they ought to get right ahead of many big stations. They did right nobly last year and raised \$92.60.

FORT WILLIAM and PORT ARTHUR are new places. These folks have never yet had their fingers in the S. A. S.-D. pie, but their time is coming, and Captains Westcott and Macneil, I believe you will have had some such an influence over your dear people that they will readily come to your aid. This will mean a fight between these two places. There is Mrs. Westcott hatching up her husband. There is Lieutenant Dwyer backing Captain Macneil. Which place will be the victor!

Last year NEPEAWA raised \$68.00. Their target this year is \$75. NEPEAWA, RAINY CITY is on your heels. R. C. raised last year \$66.55 and though they did less than NEPEAWA, their target is up to \$80, 50 over NEPEAWA. Captain Hewitt is at the latter place, and Captain Baxter is at the former. The RAINY CITY soldiers can fight, while NEPEAWA will have to (take a back seat) No!

Brave little Solikirk did nobly last year. To raise \$77.10 in a town like this, is no small thing, but their target this year has been set at \$100, and Captain Hayes and Lieutenant Hicks will, doubtless, see that they do it. Now, Macneil's target is just the same as Solikirk's.

Now, Captain Maggie Cowan, don't forget to give a good account of Morden. Surely you can go over \$54.55 this year! Your target is \$80. What shall I say to Captain Cowan, at Moosejaw, if I sincerely believe they will go over their \$50 target.

Brother and Sister Routley, of the Mount Lehman Circle, though living so far away from a corps, God will not forget their deeds of kindness and love during Self-Denial Week, and will give them ten times in return for what they do. The New Westminster folk will help after them. They set \$20.08 last year; I have put them down for \$40 this year.

Vernon, another corps far away in the mountains, raised last year \$20.40. As I say wonder their target has been raised to \$50 this year!

In conclusion, let me ask you to go in heart and soul; make the whole thing a complete success, and hit our Provincial Target.

Calgary.—As SELF-DENIAL is all the way run, I thought I would let you know how our faith runs. I have mentioned our target to be raised to our soldiers \$300, and they think it can do it, and more, so in faith we go to make it a blessing spiritually, and a success financially. I LOVE TO BEG FOR JESUS—Captain S. Smith.

Eastern Province Notes.

SOUNDINGS TAKEN—ROCKS AVOIDED—
ANCHOR WEIGHED—STEAM UP
—RIGHT AHEAD.

BRIGADIER G. T. JACOBS.

THE SELF-DENIAL war is raging. Everybody is getting interested. The corps of the Annapolis District are in competition—Bridgetown, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, and Liverpool. I don't pretend to say who is going to win. Capt. Knight, of Bridgetown, has got married, and, of course, should now do doubly.

TIMBERS ARE NOT TOO FLOW AROUND Rt. John District. I tell you what it is, Halifax District will have to get up early in the morning or else they will get left. Of course, Halifax has some secret plans which they don't care to divulge. Personally, I expect a good stand up fight between them.

CAPT. JENNINGS, OF ST. JOHN III., has the prayers of many people. Anxious eyes are watching him to see if he is going to make the corps go. I did hear that he was heard to say he would tear all the hair off his head, but what he would beat any corps in St. John. I hope he will win; if not it will mean another expense to get the Captain's bald head covered.

ST. JOHN I. and Esquimaux Tilley count on beating all past records, with target fixed at \$350; quietly I think that the Esquimaux has a notion of beating everybody, excepting Halifax I. Who they are going to challenge I don't know. They are so high up above ordinary mortals that it is difficult for them to be beaten, but, oh, my! what a let down if someone was to beat them!

CAPT. CURRY, OF CARLETON, is thirsting for victory. Last year their target was \$40; this year it is \$75. St. John II. and Fairville are all the same. What a let down if little Fairville was to beat the whole crowd, and who can tell but what Capt. Frizell will make it warm for the two.

WE ARE ON THE WAR PATH in Prince Edward Island. Staff Captain Howell in Nova Scotia, and next week you may expect to hear further developments of the battle in these parts.

Officers' cannolas are being held all over. The nomination going ahead.

THE ST. JOHN SELF-DENIAL ship is to be launched in the Institute or Opera House.

THE HOME OF REST boat must be brought into use to do SELF-DENIAL. It will be launched from the platform. The leaders of the St. John corps will take a prominent part.

THE SELF-DENIAL fever is raging. The reports are good.

Esquimaux Galt accepts Esquimaux Alward's challenge. Summerside challenges Truro, Amherst, and Newcastles.

Then Amherst and Newcastle ought both to make a square fight against Summerside. Both towns should make it warm for Summerside.

When at Charlottetown, I accidentally mentioned the fact that the Charlotte of Fredericton was beneath the notice of Fredericton. Talk about setting a match to a torch. A dynamic bomb exploding! The dignity of the city of Charlottetown had been trampled on, and a Salvation insult hurled at the office in charge, only to be avenged by giving Fredericton a sound beating.

Fredericton will take some beating; they won't give in at the first round. I hope they both; but let me say just this Fredericton is not going to have an easy time of it.

Met Staff-Capt. Howell on the train. Reports mention district all O. K. Esquimaux Bradley has a great desire to beat Springfield district. At present it looks as if he meant to do so.

Esquimaux Doughton ought to beat Moncton. His second in command has great faith for Springfield target. Capt. Allan, of Truro, says she thinks they will get there. How about Summerside, Captain? Parrsboro' the same. Capt. Hopkins, of Pugwash, has faith for the target. Capt. Lorimer has not much faith for Acadia Mines.

Yarmouth district is safe, the position secure, all corps hitting the target. Annapolis district will do their's, and over; their fortresses cannot be taken. Foreign Gage half wonders whether Yarmouth will do it, but remember, Esquimaux, we have a year's experience to work on.

Capt. P. Kelly reports his faith high for Lunenburg. This is to give notice unless Bridgetown, Liverpool, and Bridgewater are not careful they will get left.

Don't hear very much from Halifax yet SELF-DENIAL time. Halifax means to beat St. John. I have an idea that Halifax II. has



AUXILIARY AND LIGHT BRIGADE NOTES.

There has been quite a "move on" in the above departments during the past week, and if the record made during that time offers any criterion for the future, all who know anything of the financial anxieties of the Canadian war will breathe a sigh of relief at the hope it affords.

We were glad to see our comrade, Sergt. Beall, of Brantford, last week, who, though working late, had managed, in the interests of the Kingdom, to squeeze in enough time to collect his boxes and renew them for another quarter. Local agents who are behind in making their collections might take a tip from Comrade B—

Sergt. McLaughlin, of Westville, N.S., sends in the neat sum of \$9.46 for the quarter's results from the boxes. Some of our city friends might rub their eyes and look at these figures. Well done, McLaughlin!

Speaking of Westville reminds one of the whole of the Eastern Province, which is pulling away ahead of the other Provinces in tangible returns for the October collection. Capt. Pugh pulls a good stroke, and his fine crew (Local Agents) "bend to" with that precision that makes the Eastern boat the champion. The Oxford and Cambridge regatta isn't in it.

The East Ontario boat is making steady progress. Adjutant Magee's a heavy man, and can pull a decent stroke, too, and will make it interesting for his blue-neck rivals before they reach Putney, beg pardon, the finish.

The West Ontario and Central Ontario boats are not properly manned, and have been without a "stroke." Capt. Barr, however, has the honor of being selected to "fix up" the Central, and in a short time will make it warm for some others. The West Ontario, too, will shortly get attended to.

Do you remember to get your Sunday dinner, and also remember the? The Light Brigade Secretary and the Printing Manager were at Liger Street a couple of Sundays ago, and were just about to make a terrific charge upon the ample repast kindly provided by our comrades, Mr. and Mrs. —, when lo! divors coloro began to float before our vision, and only assumed material form when our eyes rested upon a small, square box on the seaboard. Our appetites sharpened after the box had been passed round, and a few mites dropped into it. DON'T FORGET.

raised their target. Permission is given for everybody else to do the same. Windoos means business. What Halifax I. is up to is a kind of a secret.

Dartmouth, Halifax II., and Windsor, all in the race, but please note you must finish up before Christmas. Halifax II. won't be easily managed, nor yet Windsor. Where is Dartmouth?

New Glasgow appears a little quiet. I think last year can be beaten. The richest district in the East, with two exceptions.

There is Sydney. \$50; that is all right; Capt. Sabine will manage that. Then North Sydney will manage their's with a little push. Capt. Baldwin will do this. Esquimaux Watson's faith is good for New Glasgow; it is always an understood thing that he does a lot better than his faith.

What can I say of Stellarton and Westville, among the coal? It would be insulting to suppose that they could not do theirs. Capt. Jefferson was stationed at Stellarton two years ago. He thought no one could beat him, but he got left. Last year, Lieutenant White, now Mrs. Pelley, won the victory at Pictou.

St. John is holling. Staff-Capt. Howell thinks about making Halifax take a second place.

I am visiting the St. Stephen and Chatham

Quite a few of our Auxiliaries are becoming interested in the matter of increasing the roll. About fifteen new members have been made during the past few weeks. We feel that it only remains for our present Auxiliaries to make it a point to secure at least one of their friends, and we should make a big stride towards the attainment of our ideal — 1,000 members. Now, friends.

Mrs. Booth has secured several new subscriptions, and is sparing no effort to make the League boom. She has also enlisted the services of Mrs. Staff-Captain Jewer, and Mrs. Adjutant Southall. The latter made her debut last week, which resulted in three new subscribers being obtained, and a total of twenty-seven dollars secured for the war.

Ignorance cannot always be regarded as "blissful," especially when we wake up to the fact that there are many amongst the most influential citizens of our cities, and those best able to help further God's work who are ready to respond to the appeal for help, but who have not been approached on the matter. Two such cases in the most important city in the Dominion have recently come to our notice, and in response to a letter from Mrs. Booth, the following replies were received:—

"I need not say I will be glad to be enrolled as a member of your Auxiliary League."

"I subscribe gladly to the League, and enclose you \$5. Let me say that I love the Army and what it is doing. It strikes me that we have surrendered to paid officials who have entrenched themselves behind the fortifications of 'sacraments' and 'sound doctrines,' both good and in keeping with general orders, and while we are enjoying ourselves in the sunshine of 'assurance' and 'thankfulnes,' the Salvation Army is doing the work for which the Blood was shed and the Spirit given, and in obedience to the last command."

"God be praised for what you have done, and may you be honored in even more brilliant service on the field, where the Master was rejected, until He come."

We thank those of our Auxiliaries who have renewed their subscriptions. Some are still overdue; we would be glad to hear from those. We are also anxious to secure their co-operation in our effort to increase the Auxiliary Roll to one thousand. This is the apex—shall we get half way by Christmas? What say you, Auxiliaries? What do our friends say?

SECRETARY.

districts. I heard some one doubting as to St. Stephen beating last year's record. Surely he must have been some relation to Thomas.

HOW THEY DIE.

PARRSBORO, N. S.—Death has taken away SISTER MRS. ROBERT BLINKHORN and Bro. HENRY JERRIS.

Both died trusting in the Saviour. Though not a soldier, Bro. Pettie was given an Army funeral as it was his wish. The service was conducted by Capt. Green, and was largely attended. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved, as both our comrades have left large families.

We have some faithful old stand-bys in our ranks, and altogether we are working hard for victory.

A. RUSSEL BOSS, Sergt.-Major.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase, So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.—Prov. iii. 10-10.

Cuttings from C. O. P. Suggestions.

Do not fear to tell all that you have enough faith in God to trust Him for fifty dollars, and to go in for SELF-DENIAL with all your might. God will come to your help. Unbelief is weakness. It brings defeat. Faith will bring victory. Just give God a fair trial. Hallelujah!

SALE OF ODDS AND ENDS.—Among other places the following will be useful: Have a sale of odds and ends. Ask folks to bring what they can on a given night, and have a sale every day. We all have something that we do not need and which someone else needs. Get your people to bring them along, and let me know how you get along.

TARGETS.—Give the band, the Sergeants, the Juniors, and everybody a target, and do something, and you will get there by God's help. Anyhow, have a try.

A collector should be set apart for the churches. He will see the pastors, get the church on a meeting. Failing that, stand outside the door on a Sunday morning with a specially-made sign. Visit the large asylums and institutions, depots and every place in the town.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of hosts if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—MAL. iv. 10.

Vancouver.—Our indefatigable Sergeant—Tom Whipple—was as usual out fishing, and whether he got a new supply of bait, or that it was the naughtiness of the fish, or whether a little of both combined, we will not say, only give God the glory, and using us as instruments in His hands, whereby He enables us to keep our lamps burning, that others in the darkness may see and be saved. Anyhow, as we were leaving the barracks, there was a word spoken—just one word—and oh, it was beautiful to see how quickly and earnestly our comrades gathered round that spot. Just one word, and it told of a soul in distress; just one word, and it called to hearts to the rescue. Oh, hallelujah, it was good! The Lion of Judah bore every chain, and a sinner arose a new man in Christ. But, do you think that was all? Oh, no, the guns had been too well aimed that evening to miss, and as we arose from around this brother, came a call to another quarter of the room, thither we repaired, and amid the repeated charges upon the enemy, Satan had to retreat, and another soul was captured. Glory, hallelujah! The order has been given: "LET THE WHOLE LINE ADVANCE!"

"Ours need to make reply, Ours but to tell reason why," Ours but to tell reason why," —BENT SLATER.

Neepawa.—"The Salvation Army is on its last legs in this town," so said someone. Anyway, they are a good substantial set, and kick hard. Crowds up, interest up, cart-ridges up, attendance at soldiers' meetings up, converts up, backsliders reclaimed, over seventy dollars worth of uniform sold in two weeks by our Trade Sergeant, Aunt Jane Recca. God bless Aunt Jane! Sunday morning, three for blessing. One poor backslider was so troubled, that he did not want to leave the barracks, but would not yield. On his way home, God gave him a glimpse of hell, with its lost souls, also saw his rejected, abused, crucified Saviour as his Judge, and heard the "Depart from Me, I know ye not," but got down on his knees on the roadside, and pleaded for mercy. Then Jesus saved him. Four backsliders during the last two weeks. At soldiers' meeting, each soldier was requested to give his or her opinion or what a soldier ought to be. It worked like a charm. Uncle Dan looked desperate as he flourished his drum-stick, and jumped on the floor, exclaiming: "I am a soldier no more!" I tell you we made it warm for the old enemy, and as the Captain said he must have gone down with a bad report of those noisy, dancing, jumping, shouting, sanctified Salvationists.—Captain JARVIS, for Captain Hewitt.

Pictou.—The Holy Spirit has been melting hearts; some have said, could not say, as the result would have been, "My God save me!" Five have come forward. One brother, like the prodigal, went to far countries to seek satisfaction, but returned home and gave himself to follow God. We drove to Cherry Valley, held a meeting; God melted hearts; one held up his hand to be prayed for. Presiding invitation to come back.—A. A. K., S. O.

SELF DENIAL

Have you got some special thing now, my brother, my sister, which you feel you ought to do for Christ from which you shrink, because unpleasant to human nature? What is it?—*The General.*

Around your cross the world, the flesh and the devil will make a ring, and joining hands will seek to keep you from it. They know it is the highway to victory, to heaven, to God.—*The General.*

SONGS OF SELF-SURRENDER.

TUNE—B. J. 87.

1 When first the Army came to town,
There gathered not a few,
I thought some new creation dawn
Had opened up to view.
At first sight of the red hat band,
A joy began to grow
Within my heart, I fell in love
With the Army red and blue.

CHORUS.

We all love the Army,
And we'll push it all we can,
Says God has helped so many souls
To try salvation's plan.
We'll raise the fallen from the dust
And bring them home to God;
And we are sure to conquer through
The Saviour's precious blood.

And since that time the gospel sun
Has brightened many a life,
Dispersed a lot of prejudice,
Brought hidden things to light.
Some people say it's very wrong
To make so much ado
But not to mind, we'll fight away
Neath the Army red and blue.

Gone to be at home with Jesus,
And to wear a starry crown.
So we'll never be discouraged,
But we'll fight the fight and win,
And we, too, shall be victorious
O'er self, the world, and sin.

Oh, how many of God's children
Promise Him on bended knee,
They will follow in His footsteps,
Though it leads to Calvary!
Yes, the Saviour hears their promise,
Fills their soul with love and light,
Gives them grace and power to conquer
In the thickest, hardest fight.

LIEUT. KEMP, Moscowjaw.

TUNE—Bright crosses. (B. J. 59)

3 A Friend I have who always can
Supply my every need;
A Friend Who gives me daily strength
When at the Cross I plead.

CHORUS.

We'll fight.

A Friend Who in the saddest hour
Will fill my soul with joy;
A Friend Who gives me sweetest peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Now, sinner, quit your rambling.
Give up your drink and gambling.
From all your sin the Lord will set you free;
If you come to Christ, your Saviour,
And seek His love and favor,
His pardon shall be given now to Thee.

CAPTAIN SIMS.

TUNE—Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps; or,
Room for Jesus. (B. J. 16)

5 When my path seems dark and dreary,
And my eyes can see no light,
Then I look away to Jesus,
And He leads me in the right.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps,
He has made my heart His home,
And I would not dare to turn
Through this wide, wide world alone.

Saviour, help me in the conflict,
May I not be led astray,
For in darkness as in sunshine,
Thou wilt surely be my stay!

Though the storms may come upon me,
Jesus, He will be my sun;
I will still keep fighting onward,
Bye-and-bye He'll say "Well done."

SERGE. IDA FITZER, Rogersoll.

TUNE—The war, the war, etc.

7 From sin, Satan, self, let us come,
All dwellers in bright Christendom,
To Jesus our Lord, whose blood was
poured
To save from the prison and slum.
Christ's cleansing in full let us know,
His blood washes whiter than snow.
By faith we see clearly, we love Jesus dear,
His precious blood cleanses just now.

CHORUS.

The Blood, the Blood, the soul-cleansing
Blood,
In Jesus believing, full cleansing receiving;
I'm out on the promise, I'm under the Blood,
All glory to Jesus, I'm under the Blood.

Dear Jesus, I triumph in Thee,
Abide Thou for ever in me;
Oh, take Thine part, dwell now in my
heart,
Sink or swim, I go, Lord, with Thee.
My King, crowned in glory above,
I love Thee with all my heart's love.
In living or dying, on Thee I'm relying,
Till summoned to meet Thee above.

2d CHORUS.

Oh, sinner, believer, come under the Blood,
King Jesus He keeps thee, nor slumber, nor
sleepeth;



DECEMBER 1st to 8th



DECEMBER 1st to 8th



And now you see we're marching on,
We're spreading more and more,
We'll soon be all around the world,
For victory is sure.
We will be soldiers brave and strong
And fight for God right through,
With our dear General leading on,
In the Army red and blue.

LIEUT. GEO. THOMPSON.

TUNE—When the pearly gates unfold (B. J. 142)

2 We are soldiers in the Army,
And we love to fight for God,
He has saved our souls from sinning,
Washed us in His precious blood;
Can we ever then repay Him
Who has given salvation free?
"No," we answer, "but we'll love Him
And we'll serve Him faithfully."

CHORUS.

Then when this war is over,
Oh, how beautiful 'twill be,
When we meet our loving Saviour,
His to be eternally!

We have loved once over yonder
Who have laid their weapons down;

A Friend to Whom I always go
And tell my every care;
A Friend Who lives to cheer my heart
And wipe away each tear.

A Friend Who always proves to be
So faithful, kind, and true;
My Saviour is this wonderful Friend,
And you may have Him too.

LIEUT. JENNIE M. McCANN.

TUNE—'Twas a very happy day. (B. J. 64)

4 When I in sin did wander,
My time in pleasure squander,
All heedless of a loving Saviour's call,
I was drifting to perdition
In a very sad condition,
When at His feet for mercy I did fall.

CHORUS.

'Twas a very happy day, etc.

My friends were aggravated
When my case to them I related;
And told me I should soon be back again;
But I kept my way pursuing,
The will of Jesus doing,
And yet I'm in the hallelujah train.

TUNE—Blessed Jesus. (B. J. 45), or, Always
Cheerful. (B. J. 43)

6 Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
Left His heavenly home above,
Came down here to die and suffer,
Oh, amazing, wondrous love!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Jesus suffered,
Hallelujah! to His name I
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus died and lives again.

If you look down in the garden
You will see your Saviour there,
Knelling down in deepest sorrow,
In the attitude of prayer.

There alone He prays in sorrow,
On that dark and lonely night;
With your sins and mine upon Him,
What an awful, awful sight!

Nailed between two thieves on Calvary,
On a rugged cross of wood.
Hence He there a patient sufferer,
Shed for us His precious blood.

SERGE. DORA HINDY, Old Perleian.

The Blood, the Blood, the soul-cleansing
Blood,
I'll live and I'll die under Christ's precious
Blood.

MARIA FIMMON.

TUNE—So early in the morning.

8 When I in sin was far astray,
And wandered in the downward way,
One night the Spirit gently stave,
And I in sin did cease to rove.

CHORUS.

Now I do love Jesus (Repeat)
Because He loved me so.

Now in the march and open-air,
I mean for God to do my share;
His presence with me all the way,
It leads me on to endless day.

What less than this then could I do
Than show this blessed way to you;
The life you live 'tis plain to see
It brings you pain and misery.

2nd CHORUS.

But you may now love Jesus, (Repeat)
He waits to set you free.
CAPT. WM. COMBINS, Carleton, N.B.

SELF DENIAL

Have you consecrated yourself with all you possess—body, soul and spirit, family, influence and possession—to a life of self-denial for His dear sake, and for the sake of the souls for whom He died.—*The General.*

After all, no cross can be so heavy as the one the Lord carried for us. Our tears and trials and tribulations all combined, fail to reach in any degree the infinite measure of anguish He endured for our sakes.—*The General.*